

# Los Angeles Graphic

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## TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH

EDITOR

### QUESTION OF GOOD TASTE

IN view of the distress in the large cities caused through the coal famine coming on top of the exorbitant prices and scarcity of food, traceable very largely to the serious congestion on the railroads, it would have been a gracious concession, and one that would have been applauded throughout the length and breadth of the land, if President Wilson had abandoned or postponed to a more favorable season the great festivities in connection with his inauguration. An urgent appeal was made by railroad and coal men that the transportation system should be relieved at any rate of the extra burden of the hundreds of special passenger trains to and from Washington, which will mean reduced service the country over, but the appeal was in vain.

It may be true that the food riots in New York and elsewhere are being engineered by agents of a foreign power with whom we have broken off diplomatic relations—as undoubtedly it was true in Russia and in England, where the purveyors of foreign gold to the fomentors of industrial disturbances were placed in jail immediately the war broke out—but there is no denying that prices of common necessities of life are cruelly high, and for no other apparent reason than a scarcity of supply, so that when it is proved that this scarcity is largely attributable to congestion of the railroads the refusal of the White House to allow the interests of the country, and especially of the poor, to come before the interest in the festivities, strikes us as in very bad taste. In any case, with the country on the verge of war, revelry and joy-making in governmental circles smacks too much of Nero's fiddle.

### IF IT COMES TO WAR

IF it comes to war with Germany we shall have new uses to which to put the proceeds of taxes proposed not as a war measure but merely as an addition to the Government's ordinary sources of revenue, says the Annalist. Neither the inheritance tax nor the income tax should have been resorted to by the Federal Government for ordinary purposes, but they are excellent taxes for a time of war, their excellence lying conspicuously in the fact that they are capable of yielding a vast revenue. An income tax of 2 per cent., or even 1 per cent., is an excessive tax in time of peace, but these rates are but a fraction of those that could be paid for the period of a national emergency.

If enormous expenditures are forced upon us we should aim to defray as large a part of them as possible out of revenue, keeping the permanent addition to the nation's debt at the minimum instead of putting it at the maximum. Keeping down the national debt in this way would serve another highly important purpose—it would help to check the inflation of prices which would result from Government buying of supplies on a huge scale in competition with private buyers. England's position today would be much easier financially had she been still more heroic in the matter of imposing taxation. Luxury should be put under restraint instead of being encouraged in a time of war, and the financing of a war through Government borrowings exclusively serves almost inevitably to increase extravagance. The only way to prevent it is through a properly designed scheme of taxation. Such a scheme, however, would be very far from perfect were it fashioned after the income tax already in effect in this country. The exemptions under that tax are unfair and improvident, for it confines the taxation to relatively few persons and allows many to go un-

taxed who are amply able to bear their share of the tax and who, in the aggregate, would yield an enormous revenue to the Government. There are reasons of fairness and of administrative expediency for exempting those with very small incomes from the income tax, but there are only reasons of politics for exempting those with incomes of as much as \$3,000 or \$4,000.

### NONSENSICAL STRAW BALLOT

DISADVANTAGES of dealing with public matters at star-chamber sessions, and clothing important public deals with an atmosphere of utmost secrecy, are amply demonstrated in the present situation of the proposed \$12,000,000 power bond deal.

After repeated fixing of dates, and changing of dates, for the bond election, with the final determination in favor of March 8th, the City Council has at last abandoned its efforts to railroad through the big power bond issue and is nearing an agreement to substitute for those propositions before the voters, two foolishly needless questions: One, as to whether the City Charter shall be amended to permit the city to enter into contracts for the purchase of surplus power, and the other as to whether or not the city shall give up the municipal ownership idea and sell its electrical energy at wholesale to the companies, to be resold and distributed by them.

Thus this great big business proposition of so much importance to the city, which should have been carefully and thoughtfully handled from its inception, and as to which the public, as the party in greatest interest, should have been fully informed, has finally developed into a costly election to induce voters to tie themselves up with a straw ballot. As a matter of fact, the Charter does provide for the purchase by the city of any commodity it may need, but does not permit legitimate competition to be evaded, as was planned by the proposed amendment; nor does it permit contracts worth millions of dollars to be entered into by an appointive Board, without advertising for bids and letting of the contract to the lowest responsible bidder, as the vicious amendment, if adopted, would have done.

The second proposed question is a senseless, but dangerous one. Senseless, because it might be decided either in the affirmative or negative, and still have no bearing on a general policy of municipal ownership of public utilities; dangerous, because if answered in the negative by voters, it would furnish a basis for bolstering the assertion of the "city power bond ring," that there was no other method left open for a disposal of municipally generated power, except by a city distributing system.

It is not improbable that a number of sensible and

profitable plans might be proposed for the city's disposal of the power which it generates, without the issuance of any further bonds, and without wholesaling the power to the other companies, if the wholesaling idea should prove unsatisfactory, but this question, as tentatively worded, would seem to limit the proposition as it never should be limited.

Meantime, a disturbing feature has entered into the power project enterprise by the filing of an application, on behalf of the City of Los Angeles, for power rights on the Kern river and, as set forth in the application, calling for an approximate expenditure on the part of the city of \$1,500,000. Thus far, there has been no official explanation of the meaning of this strange filing. It would seem to bear only one of two or three constructions. The first is, that the city lacks the water power to develop the energy that has been estimated, or finds the development of electrical energy along the aqueduct more expensive than contemplated, and believes that it would be cheaper to enter into new electrical development, in a field still further removed than Owens river from the city.

The other is that, carried away by the delusion that the city is going to devote all its municipal energies to producing electricity, its enthusiastic officials have entered on a plan to gather up all the available power still unclaimed in the southern end of the State, assuming that the municipal ownership devotees within the city are strong enough to line up the voters and taxpayers for the scheme.

### HOW POST-OBIT REPUTATIONS ARE MADE

WHEN the late Edgar D. Bronson died the other day the newspaper morgues in the effervescent metropolis, whose biggest asset is Wall street, were ransacked for material to do honor to the deceased author and playwright. One of the dailies published an exhaustive account of the alleged Bronson achievements, what time he was a newspaper reporter, and a thrilling piece of imaginative writing resulted.

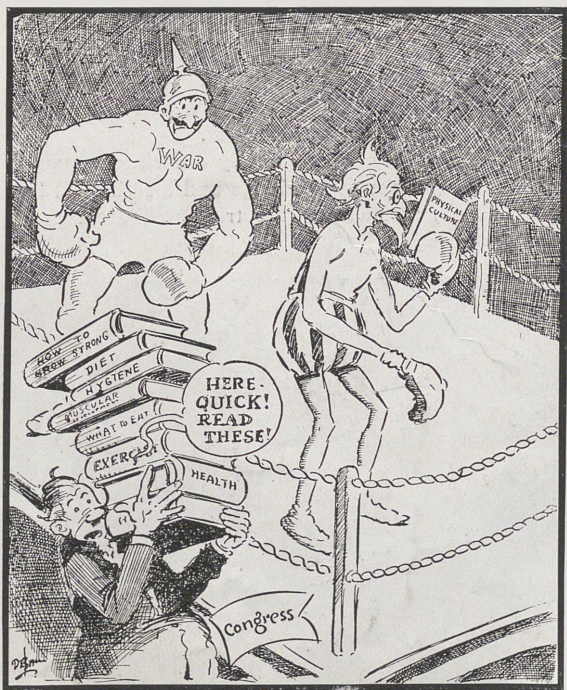
Among other deeds of daring-do, the irrepressible reporter was said to have crossed the East river in a perilous journey on the ice, late at night, in order to give his paper an exclusive story of the verdict in the Tilton-Beecher case. Alas, for the verities, a fellow-reporter ruthlessly bares the truth! It was he, not Bronson, who covered the Tilton-Beecher trial for the Tribune and, sad to relate, there was no verdict. The jury disagreed and was discharged the morning of July 2, 1875, when the only ice on the river was in the pantries of yachts or other well-supplied floating larders. Mr. Bronson never touched the case. One more idol shattered! He is said to have obtained a valuable interview with Mr. Tilden when governor, after a supposititious Mrs. Tilden had dismissed her guests at a dinner party in the executive mansion at Albany. Mark the cold-blooded facts: By the public and his most intimate friends Governor Tilden was believed to be a bachelor and he is so recorded in all biographical mention.

We are reluctantly compelled to infer that the dinner party was as equally realistic as the East river incident, and the ice as thin over which the obituary writer skated. Bronson was a good deal of a man; he lived in the breezy west at a time when it was still the frontier and he met with many exciting adventures, so that the pseudo ones are entirely superfluous in treating of his picturesque career. As a matter of fact, his newspaper work in New York was of the briefest. He headed for the setting sun and range riding before he reached his twenty-first year. So much for manufactured post-obit reputations.

All mail for the United States from abroad is carried by British ships convoyed by British cruisers. Recipients find a white poster with blue border on the back of each letter calling attention to the fact. Uncle Sam ought to blush to have to acknowledge it.

\* \* \*

According to Bonar Law, chancellor of the British exchequer, the war is now costing Great Britain \$29,000,000 a day. Since the beginning of the war the total expenditure has been twenty-one billion dollars.



Chicago Post

The Obvious Disadvantage of Starting to Train for a Fight After the Gong Sounds



## Distinguished Savant

By Alice Harriman

IN this age of sophistication and increasing speed mania to meet Professor Archibald Henry Sayce, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, a most eminent Egyptologist, is to feel that the world has disappeared; that time and space are nothing; that Knowledge is all.

Dr. Sayce is the last person in the world knowingly to give that feeling to any one. Gentle, kindly, with a fund of quiet humor and a keen interest in present-day world-events, he will talk as he sits under the royal palms of the Glenwood Mission Inn much as he might chat with a friend under the royal palms of Cairo.

It was not difficult to swing the conversation from minor to major subjects. The professor is as unassuming and devoid of egotism as a child. Scholarships at Queen's; Assyrian grammars; comparative philology; Semitic languages; Paleolithic implements; cities long buried under Saharan sands,—sands that have covered for untold time what was once a fertile plain that upheld many cities, supported many peoples. Knowledge IS all!

"Neolithic utensils of exquisite workmanship which we have uncovered," the cultured voice, so English in its intonations, gave substance to his memories of years of hard work, "are comparatively modern. They go back only to about 10,000 years B. C."

Awed silence.

Thereupon the learned gentleman rose, put on his low-crowned, broad-rimmed hat such as only Oxford "Dons" wear; and suggested tea in "the adobe." But he was still in the past, and he stirred his tea a few minutes later, seeing long dead races instead of smart groups in the artistic tea-room.

While the fire leaped and crackled in the wide fireplace, he continued:

"Palaeolithic implements I have found,—implements that prove the race that used them at least 150,000 years old."

Again awe; but eyes questioned.

"Man always was, and always will be," finally came the answer to the mute inquiry. "The further I dig into the past the more am I convinced of this."

Then he spoke of less erudite matters for a time, and told a story of an English lad who, asked by a pompous British Admiral before whom he was to pass an examination as to his fitness for the navy, to name the three greatest Admirals of England, answered:

"Drake, Sir. And—and, Nelson, Sir. And—and—I beg your pardon, Sir. But—I didn't catch your name!"

The glee with which this was told refutes any aspersions on an Englishman's lack of appreciation of the humorous.

Slightly stooped is Professor Sayce, who is one of the two now living of the "old Foundation" Fellows of his College at Oxford. Times, and customs, and rules have changed at the English University, as elsewhere; and the dear old man sighed as he spoke of these changes. He prefers the old, the past. Slightly stooped is he from over-much digging for buried towns and in Assyrian tomes and bending over the cylinders whose cuneiform inscriptions it has been his pleasure and rare good fortune to decipher. His eyes always look as though he were gazing into "Records of the Past"—the title of one of his many books.

His whole life has been but a following of his childhood fancy for languages and for countries far older than that to which he was born. When at five, he copied the letters from his clergyman father's Hebrew Bible because the curious characters attracted him and the English alphabet did not, he started a career that led far. An early Fellowship won at Queen's; a decipherment of the primitive language of Babylonia, published when he was twenty-three; a book on the Science of Language soon after. A grammar of the Assyrian language, accompanied with other so-called Semitic languages (Hebrew, Syriac, etc.) came next; followed by a series of lectures on Comparative Philology that landed him in the Chair of Philology at Oxford. Then: research long and arduous in Egypt, Assyria, Asia Minor; and all the time translating, excavating, writing. This vast work crowded into three score years!

He commented on the remarkable and difficult work being done by the American Archeological Society in Central America in uncovering the ruined cities of Palenque, Copan, Quirigua, and its efforts to find the key to the com-



Dr. A. H. Sayce, Egyptologist

plicated hieroglyphics covering temples, palaces, and monoliths (is there anything he does not know—know thoroughly?).

Marah Ellis Ryan came into the room.

The Professor rose quickly. "Won't you join us?" he begged.

Thereupon cups of fresh tea were served and the conversation was of our own Southwest.

"I've just come from the Rio Grande Valley," he said, "and I must compliment you, Mrs. Ryan, on your wonderful book, 'The Flute of the Gods.' And as for your 'Indian Love Letters'—well, all I can say is that you've got the 'soul' of an Indian. I wish I might reproduce the soul of an Egyptian as vividly!"

"However," he presently went on, with a quick intake of breath that is characteristic, while his eyes again looked into vast eons, "it is strange how constantly I was impressed with the resemblance between your Indians of the Southwest and the peoples of Egypt long before the days of the Roman invasion. The shapes of mountains against a turquoise sky; the river,—everything of geographical moment added to this impression of oriental scenes. But—the Indians; a fleeting glance, a sash worn with careless grace by some youth, a draping of a wrap, a glint of introspective eye,—all these to me brought the life of another race, hot sunshine and never-ending silences. It was wonderful! And you?" he interrogated.

Mrs. Ryan threw out her hands helplessly. "Don't ask me for detail. I'm an impressionist. I see the whole—and in that whole I get what I—get." She thought a moment. "Yes, I get the inner sense of things; but it is sometimes when, as Shakespeare says, my 'senses are shut.'"

"I, too," responded the professor, kindling. He had met one who "understood." "I often feel as though I, myself, were that magnificent past of which modernity cares—and knows—so little."

"Continuous identity?" one asked.

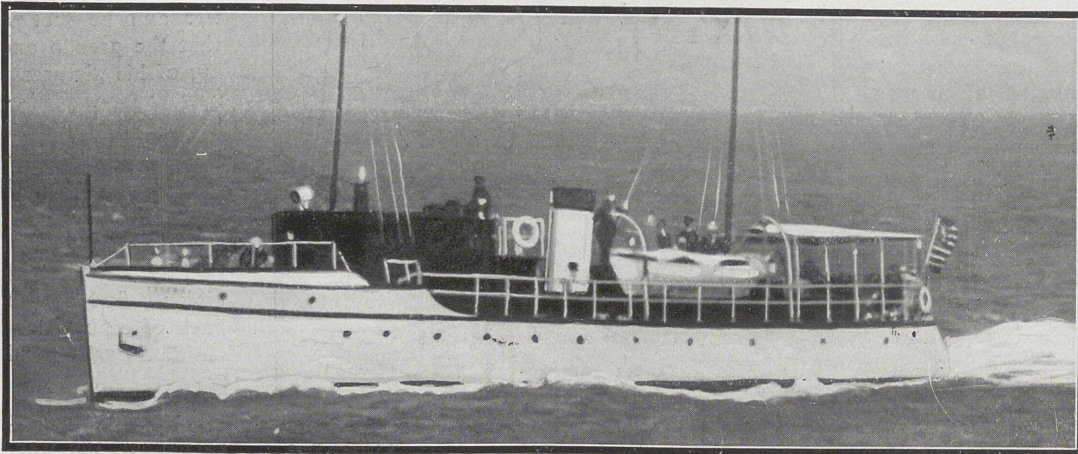
"Yes, that's it. Memory. Tennyson says it, you know."

"As old theologies relate,  
Some draught of Lethe may await  
The slipping through from state to state."

"As oft we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happens then  
Until they fall in trance again."

And while these two with widely differing personalities, but with profound knowledge and insight, fell into light chat, one, at least, of the trio, meditated.

Yes, Knowledge IS all!



G. Allan Hancock's Velero May Fly U. S. Naval Ensign

## Interview with Yvette

By William Van Wyck

BY appointment, I met Madame Guilbert in the foyer of the Alexandria, and we sat down and commenced to chat, as if we had known each other for a long time. She asked me to choose a topic for the interview, and I suggested that she should tell me something about late Middle French and early Renaissance songs.

She began by saying that since her seventh year, she has been a bookworm. Much of the subject-matter of her historic songs has been taken from libraries and museums of her native land. "Les Chansons des Toiles" are great favorites with her and of these, she likes best—"Belle Doette," "Belle Isabeau" and "Belle Yolande." The music for her songs has been taken from old manuscripts and in many instances it has proved something of a puzzle, for the score was not the comparatively easy square-note score of the Renaissance, but a cruder score consisting of dashes that mounted or descended with the scale, with wavy lines for trills. Her costumes too, are historically correct and she has received permission from librarians and curators to copy any costume or headdress that will help her in her interpretations.

She does not change the text of her songs in translating, but in some cases adds to them. For instance, in "La voyage de Joseph et Marie a Bethlehem," she is responsible for the watchman crying the hours of the night, and for the exultation of Mary over the birth of Christ, and one is forced to admit that these additions improve the song immensely.

Madame Guilbert is quite a scholar, which is unusual for a "disease" and the best part of it all is that she is not in the least pedantic. She has read into and beneath the literature of an earlier day and brings to her audiences much of the atmosphere of a forgotten era.

I asked her why she did not include in her work "La Ballade de grosse Margot" of Villon, and she said that she preferred the finer thought of that poet, such as contained in "La Ballade" (écrite pour sa mère). At this point her husband, Dr. Schiller, appeared and informed her that no more time could be given to interviewers for that day. With a gracious little farewell she left me, and I have been regretting ever since that interviews are not three hours in length when they are with such artists as Madame Guilbert. I have quite lost my heart to her, and have half a mind to follow her to Chicago, even if I have to ride on the truck of some hospitable freight car.

Madame Guilbert's concert on Saturday was most successful. The audience was more under the magic spell of her art and applause was not only genuinely appreciative but most enthusiastic. As encores, she repeated two of the successes of her first concert—"Pourquoi on me bat mon mari?" and "C'est le mal." These were received with great delight, which is gratifying, for it shows that the people are beginning to be aware of the fact that in Madame Guilbert they are having the privilege of hearing one of the most eminent continental artists that has ever visited these shores. One must rank her with Duse and Ellen Terry.

The more often one hears Yvette Guilbert, the more one appreciates her. Two songs on the Saturday programme were exceptionally fine. These were: "Dis-moi si je suis belle" and "L'Ennui." The first of these is one of the most irresistibly fascinating things imaginable. A "precieuse" of the thirteenth century, clad in a magnificent gold and black gown, enters and says: "Tell me if I am not pretty." She is paganly, hedonistically taken with her charms and is so frankly and utterly in love with herself that it is a positive joy to watch her. No words can possibly express the delicious and delicate way in which this "gaillarde" is portrayed. If Pierre de Ronsard could have seen her there would have been another sonnet-cycle

written, and Helene might have been forgotten. "L'Ennui" is the boredom that is experienced by a "moine-jongleur" and this song is reminiscent of the "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" by Robert Browning. Madame Guilbert displays a rollicking, broad humor that is worthy of old Doctor Rabelais himself. If Yvette Guilbert would learn "My Last Duchess" and recite it in her exquisite broken-English she would add many new names to the ever-growing list of her adorers. She is one of the few people capable of loving and understanding Robert Browning, that most unfortunate victim of a cult.

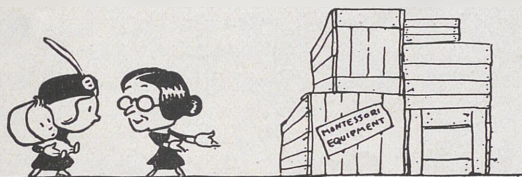


# By the Way



## Social Economist at U. S. C.

Raymond Robins, the social economist, in his addresses delivered this week before the students, faculty and friends of the University of Southern California, has been making a profound impression. Once a coal miner, earning one dollar a day, and having passed through many vicissitudes since, he has an extraordinary grip on language and life. He is deeply impressed with what he considers the critical nature of the warfare between labor and capital. He himself has been a striker, and faced the guns of militia; he contends that many of the claims of labor are justified, but that on the other hand the labor leaders have not a just idea of the rights of property. Unless human relations are kept up between wage-earners and those who profit by their labors, he considers the day is lost. In Australia he found labor triumphant, having gained all its demands, and yet there appear to him few less satisfactory places in the world, for the people, he says, are so satisfied with their "full pail" that they live lives wholly devoted to the satisfaction of their senses. The trouble with the church there was that it allied itself with capital, and the saloons allied themselves with labor. Born in the South, Mr. Robins was a gold-miner in Alaska, has been in Manila, married a German wife and knows German life—for which he has a kindly word to say—and now is devoting himself passionately to social service work in Chicago.



## Have It Montessoried

The arrival of Madame Montessori to teach us how to educate our babies reminds me of an incident in a little play I read some years ago in manuscript by Floyd Dell, managing editor of *The Masses*. A young married woman, having nothing else to do, "goes in for" various forms of self-expression such as suffrage, anarchism and other enervating "causes," under the tutelage of "Mrs. Flubb." However, eventually a stork passes across stage and drops a bundle, from which come loud squalls. The young mother is completely obfuscated; she can write a fairly intelligent article on Freud, but doesn't know what to do with a squalling infant. Mrs. Flubb comes to her aid again. "Why don't you have it Montessoried, my dear?" "I will," gushes the grateful mother, and she rings up the Casa di Bambini, and orders one full set of Montessori. It arrives, in carload lots, f.o.b., and the packing cases are tumbled around the little bundle. No more squalls being heard, young mother breathes a great sigh of relief, and resumes her higher thought seance with Mrs. Flubb.

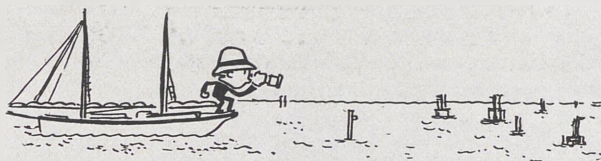
## Glimpse of Old Days

Met Herbert C. Warden, secretary of the local Rotary Club, the other day, with his uncle, also H. C. Warden, a well known Minneapolis business man, wintering in Los Angeles. In our conversation Washington, D. C., was mentioned, and then it developed that Mr. Warden was a brother of Cliff Warden, former Superintendent of the House of Representatives Document Room, and known perhaps to every member of Congress, newspaper man and department official resident in the Capital during the period from the early seventies to the time of his death, a few years ago. Few men in departmental life were ever more valuable, and surely there was none better liked, than Cliff Warden. All the thousands of acts of Congress consigned to the legislative "hopper" passed through his hands for enrollment in the Government archives. Before his appointment to the Federal service he served as a Washington correspondent, and in the Press Gallery today he is remembered as one of the most interesting figures of his time.

## Hirsch Recalls Thirty-five Managerial Years

Max Hirsch, general business representative of the Boston National Grand Opera Company, playing at

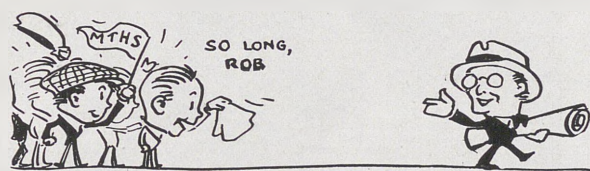
the Auditorium this week, is one of the most genial of men to meet. He has been associated with the theatrical game since he was twelve years old, starting as a call boy in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and has filled all positions up the line to box office treasurer and general representative. He tells me he first came to the coast in 1887 with Adelina Patti, when that great singer was in her prime, long before she had started her famous series of "farewells." He has visited here every year since until the time of the great earthquake in 1906. He recalls hearing Pagliacci, Traviata, Boheme, Butterfly, Faust and all the others sung by the greatest singers of the age. Patti, Albani, Sembrich, Melba, Eames, Calve, Nordica, Campanini, Tamagno, Van Dyke, Dorese, Caruso, Tetrizzini and Mary Garden and has been associated as manager with each and all of them. For thirty-five years he has watched these great stars shine and as a result he says "Musicians are just like every one else—except a few who affect idiosyncrasies."



## Local Yachts as U-boat Chasers

If "U-Boat" raids are impending on the Pacific Coast it is comforting to know that measures are being taken to protect our shores. Los Angeles has a number of enthusiastic yachtsmen who in response to an inquiry directed by the government, have offered to place their craft at the country's service. Although there are few large boats, the number of smaller craft for scout or patrol duty is extensive. One of the most thoroughly equipped vessels on the coast is G. Allan Hancock's beautiful yacht, the *Velero*. That this craft in case of war will be the first to be sought by the U. S. authorities is the general belief among yachtsmen. Closely modeled along the lines of the boats which are being used by the British government for attacking submarines, the *Velero* carries a wireless equipment second to none on the coast. It has a receiving power of 2500 miles and messages from the boat can be sent for three to four hundred miles. The *Velero* is 80 feet long, is rated as a 12-knot boat, and boasts 300 horsepower. She was designed by Mr. Hancock, and tested in the worst weather. She combines a bow similar to that of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s yacht, *The Tarantula*, and a torpedo stern similar in design to that of the *Winchester*, the fastest yacht in the world. Such a combination at the time of Mr. Hancock's designing was declared by boat builders to be impractical. It proved decidedly the reverse, for with a high bow and a generous beam, the *Velero* takes to the tempestuous sea like a duck to a placid pond.

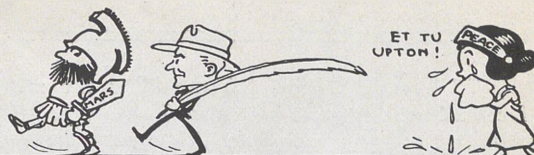
Another boat available is Captain William Banning's *Companero*. This vessel is capable of carrying light guns. It is one hundred feet in length and has considerable speed. The Spreckels beautiful yacht might also be converted into a fighting boat if needs be. Then there are any number of smaller craft, including Hancock Banning's *Cricket*, which might be used for scout or patrol duty.



## A Master of Arts

Students at Manual Arts high school are this week mourning the departure of their well beloved Rob Wagner, who has taken a leave of absence from his position on the school faculty to devote his entire time to literary work. Rob's humorous articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* dealing with the movies have had a sensational success. The Manual Arts student body, however, feel that no amount of happiness brought to the world at large by Rob's clever pen can compensate them for the loss of his genial countenance and sparkling wit from their classic halls, where he has taught for the past four years. The palm for versatility will surely need to be laid at Rob's feet, for at Manual Arts he managed to occupy simultaneously the chairs of oil painting and wrestling—which is not bad for a "literary feller." I hear that on the eve of Rob's departure, his students gave him a farewell banquet which was a riot of color, the room being decorated in bright red, as a subtle tribute to his well-known socialistic leanings. From the regularity with which his articles appear in the pages of the *Post*, it is evident that Rob does not need anyone to wish him good luck in his new venture, especially when one remembers that the average price paid by that publication for an

article is in the neighborhood of half a thousand "iron men." However, he certainly has the good wishes of his legion of friends.



## Pacifist Author Turned Warrior

Speaking at Pasadena to a surprised audience Upton Sinclair solemnly renounced his pacifism and placed his hand confidently in that of Comrade Mars. The author of "A Manifesto Against War" confessed that "in the last two years I have undergone a severe travail of spirit. My mind has been open and I have had to change my view on war." This was a statement that required some courage to make, and one that is bound to bring brickbats from his militantly pacific colleagues. It is of secondary interest to hear that he has come out on the side of the Allies. But there was one remark that Upton must not ask us to take seriously. He said "My one interest in the world is democratic self-government. I have fought for this at every sacrifice of personal advantage for twenty years." His tongue slipped there; for Sinclair will be the first to admit that when a man talks about what he has sacrificed for a cause, it is sheer humbug. What shall it profit a man if he gain all this "personal advantage for twenty years" and lose his own soul? What becomes of the joy and recompense of fighting a forlorn hope? In working as a social reformer didn't you follow out your heart's desire? And if you hadn't, would you have been happier? Shucks, Upton! You didn't mean what you said.

## Horrors of War

According to an Austrian newspaper, an exciting incident recently occurred in a Vienna theater that throws some light upon the public disposition. Part of the "business" in a play required one of the actors to call for two glasses of Pilsener. The audience, that had not tasted Pilsener for months, watched anxiously when the line was reached. Sure enough, the beloved beverage was brought. It was unmistakably Pilsener. The actor drank it and called for more. This exhausted the patience of the audience. It rose and stormed the stage. The actor fled, escaping through a stage door; but other members of the company were kicked into insensibility, and the angry mob left the interior of the theater a wreck.



## Pro Patria

Have just been privileged to read a bunch of letters to be published shortly from a young Los Angeles artist-soldier at the front, named A. H. Millier, who was formerly associated in commercial illustration with Ralph F. Mocine. He was a popular member of the California Art Club, where he has exhibited paintings and drawings from time to time. He is of English birth, but came to California nine years ago, graduating from the Los Angeles High School in 1911. When the war broke out he wished to fight, but hadn't the funds to enable him to get to Europe. After a period of wistful waiting, however, he resolved to work his way, and in December 1915 he boarded the coaster *Aroline* at San Pedro, and worked as extra hand to San Francisco, there working for a few weeks until he had enough to purchase passage to Vancouver. In British Columbia he joined the First Canadian Pioneers. Within five months of enlistment he was at the front in France, taking part in the big offensive on the Somme. After less than three weeks of active service he was wounded and sent to a base hospital, where he is still convalescing.

## But He Lived a Full Life

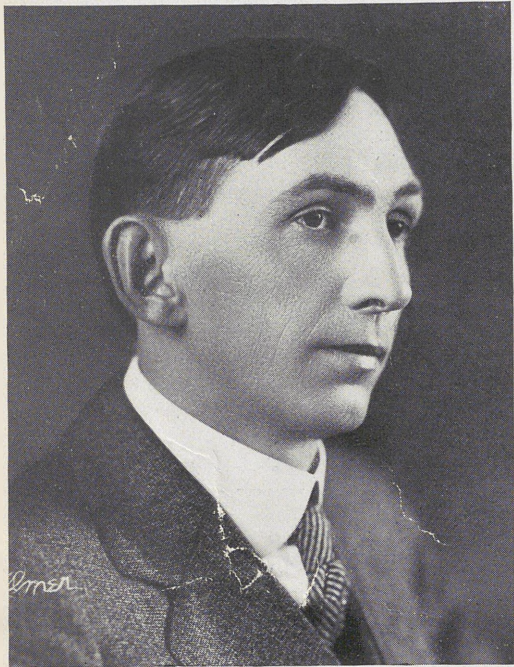
So it seems that Richard Harding Davis was not worth a quarter of a million dollars after all, but only a fifth of that. Here you get a fair notion of how little year in and year out even the most popular authors earn with their pen. For a quarter of a century Davis was certainly one of the ten best known fiction writers in America. Some of his books had a wide circulation. Besides that, he had written plays and also received large salaries at various times for newspaper work. Richard Harding, to be sure, was a good spender and lived rather handsomely during those twenty-five years of literary activity. Nevertheless, his estate of forty-five thousand dollars stands like a grim finger-board directing all youthful aspirants to seek a big fortune in another direction.



## Who's Here? What's Doing?

By Angela

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN is the most infectiously enthusiastic individual I have ever met. At the close of one capricious day this week I "rained down" at his bungalow door, at 564 Ardmore avenue, and he accepted my companion and I with no more question or surprise than we regard the earthworms on our front walks after a storm. "I knew you would come," in response to my explanation of my fulfillment of an appointment in a flood. "Newspaper folk are always on time and reliable. I once worked on the Pitts-



Charles Wakefield Cadman

burg Despatch so I know. Come right in." Thus welcomed we followed our cordial host through a long drawing room, in which I noted in passing a general air of "hominess," a grand piano between window groups and directly opposite a welcoming hearth on which burned a cheery fire, on into the most interestingly lively and gay little den imaginable. Here we exchanged greetings with Dr. Allen of the Christian Science Monitor, who has been in the city for a few days on his way back to frozen Boston after a trip to Hawaii, accompanied by Mrs. Allen. Mr. Cadman's beautiful, white-haired mother also made us warmly welcome.

Slender, dark-haired and with eyes that mirrored the nervous energy and quick thought of the youthful spirit and mind that has lived interestedly and joyously and has tasted success while yet life was sweet, Mr. Cadman is a sure cure for ennui or the grouch. Although the embodiment of Peter Pan, at thirty-five he regards himself as an "ancient gentleman." But that is because so much has happened in his young life. And he has not always been a musician and composer either.

Way back—oh, ever so many, many years ago, to hear him tell it—he was a messenger boy to Joe Schwab, brother of Charles, the steel wizard financier. Then the family lived in Homestead, the center of one of America's bitterest strikes, and Charlie Cadman worked for the Lake Erie Railroad, in a like capacity. Here the hereditary tendency of the Wakefield family began to crop out, for the boy confiscated a few most unmusical appearing articles of company property and fashioned what he termed a "metalaphone" out of coupling pins and links, and made up the music for his strange new instrument from his own fancy.

Then came a friendship that has given his work direction ever since, for he became acquainted with Mrs. Nell Richmond Eberhart and from an experience as a teacher in the Rosebud Reservation in Nebraska Mrs. Eberhart was able to invest the Indian legends and folklore with such poetry and fascination that he began the study of them thus early.

"At fourteen I had quit school and at seventeen I had written two comic operas and other light stuff. But Mrs. Eberhart led me into song writing. 'The Tryst,' an Indian night song, was the first product. We sent that off in 1900 and that was the beginning of the placing of other ballads, part songs and the like."

Since he peddled one of his youthful compositions, "Carnegie March," in 1898, in order to earn the money to study harmony and the present when he stands in the front rank of American composers much has intervened that would make oodles of rattling good "copy."

But the great dream of his life at present is for the production of his big American opera, "The Land of Misty Waters," the Omaha Indians referring to the Missouri River as "Misty Water." The story, which concerns an Omaha legend in which two young braves contend for the affections of a lovely Indian maiden, called Daoma, and take the Friendship Vow which is held quite as sacred as the marriage vow among the Omahas, was written by Francis La Flesche, a traditional chief of the Omaha tribe. The words are from the pen of Mrs. Eberhart. It is a wild, weird story of love and infidelity to the vows of friendship. There are forty-two original Indian melodies in it and the score is one of the most beautiful pieces of work one could wish to see.

"It will require \$20,000 to produce it, but I am hopeful of raising that amount. Norman-Bel Geddes will make the settings. In fact, two years ago we entered into a pact that I was to write the music for his 'Thunderbird' play and he was to design the settings for my opera, and you know what that means artistically. It would be wonderfully effective if it could be produced as a grand opera pageant in Boxwood Canyon. Here you see the mounted warriors passing, armed with shields and all their war regalia, on their war to battle. And then Daoma and Taene, her mother, left alone by the tepee. It is filled with lovely music and scenic possibilities."

Mrs. Eberhart is coming to California in April and, with Mrs. Ethel Graham Lynde, Mr. Cadman intends making Californians familiar with this beautiful opera. Very soon also, Princess Tsianina and Mr. Cadman will be heard in a program of his Indian songs here. Since Mr. Cadman has come to make Los Angeles his home he thinks "we need a Mr. Higginson to endow our orchestra to make it a competitor with the Boston and Milwaukee orchestras."

\* \* \*

Among our very interesting visitors in the last month or so is George Edwards, the daring young San Diego composer whose musical theme, "The Hunter," was played for the first time last week by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. While it is probable this first ambitious effort will not live, since it is not written about a popular story and it violates a number of rules of composition, I am told, it indicates a vigorous originality of conception and a broad culture.

"How does it feel to have had a public hearing of your first ambitious musical work—to pose for the moment in the role of a successful composer?"

We had met at an informal after-the-performance studio affair given by the Misses Fiske in Blanchard Building, to make the acquaintance of this young artist.

"I like it. I cannot say that I feel very much



Nell Richmond Eberhart, Song Writer

changed, however. But it is gratifying to have been heard. This is my longest flight into composition. Therefore I may be pardoned a bit of pleasurable excitement in its production by so excellent an organization as the Los Angeles Symphony."

Personally, Mr. Edwards looks very much like a happy young college chap and his frank, winsome smile and straight-forward manner of address are quite captivating. But beneath the gay, youthful surface runs a

seriousness of thought and a philosophy of life that none would guess at a casual meeting. In his "Psychology of Music," which tells of the development of music in a fanciful creation called "The God Who Made Himself," with notes for grown-ups, one gets a peep at the heart of the man. He hints at his philosophy of life which is social, he displays a well-read mind, and a pretty conception of music as a beautiful creative thing of color and as figuring in relation to all the activities of life, from the very beginning.



George Edwards, Melolog Composer

In his early twenties, I am told by a good music authority of the city, he bids fair to be quite a factor in the realm of composition if he continues to grow as he has in the past.

\* \* \*

If one were on a desert isle and in sore need of food and shelter I can imagine sign language being successful. But in a civilized country like this to read by expression and through an interpreter is highly unsatisfactory. It was just such a conversation Dr. Maria Montessori and I carried on the other day. My six years of Latin even failed me utterly in the emergency.

I found her at the former De Longpre home in Hollywood, where she is domiciled for an indefinite stay with her secretary. Alas, how changed this artist home was within! Did she know the traditions of the place? Only vaguely she signified, but she was interested.

In appearance she is a motherly soul, with soft brown eyes that are the light and beauty of her countenance. As I approached the piazza I glimpsed her sitting there attired all in black and she reminded me of "The Conscript Mother."

Through Miss Pyle, who is a very charming American girl who speaks four languages fluently, I was assured that Madame Montessori found California next in her affections to her beloved Italy, now so torn by war. To make any comparison between them as to relative beauty and attractiveness was like comparing the loveliness of an exquisite blonde with that of an equally beautiful brunette. Meanwhile she is appearing for the local Chautauqua Association in a series of lectures.

### L'Esprit de l'Amerique

For Europe bound, I sail the stately stream  
Of blue that laves the lordly Palisades,  
Yet wish for castled Rhine's bewitching maids;  
Beneath West Point's gray Gothic shrine, I dream  
Of stern Gibraltar's batteries agleam;  
At our great ocean mart, I long to be  
Where Thames boat-laden flows to meet the sea—  
Naught in my home land worthy of esteem!

I cross the broad Atlantic, and enjoy  
Each far-famed river, mount and battlefield;  
But ere the year is o'er, the visions cloy,  
For, novelty outworn, no peace they yield.  
Homeward I turn, my strength on phantoms spent,  
To find on Hudson's shore my heart's content!

BELLE COOPER.

Washington has warned Cuba to keep the peace—or, by heck! Uncle Sam can hardly afford to have any side issue to divert his attention at this critical juncture.



# Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

ST. JOHN'S Episcopal Church in West Adams street, which has been the scene of innumerable fashionable weddings in days gone by, was never more attractive than it was made Tuesday evening for the marriage of dainty Miss Mildred Wellborn and Mr. George Nathaniel Whiting. The bride is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles Wellborn and the bridegroom the son of Mrs. Emily S. Perkins, both members of prominent California families. St. John's church was tastefully decorated with pink sweet peas and maidenhair ferns, which were used in great profusion. The bride, attended by her father, Judge Wellborn, was winsome in her bridal gown of white satin with overdress of tulle, her long veil caught to her head with white blossoms and carrying in her arms an immense cluster of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Dorothy Lillian Wellborn, sister of the bride, assisted as maid of honor and was becomingly attired in a frock of pink tulle, while Mrs. Dwight Whiting, a recent bride, was matron of honor and wore a gown of embroidered white net over pink. Mr. Dwight Whiting served his brother as best man. Following the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. George Davidson, an informal gathering at the home of Judge and Mrs. Wellborn was held for the bridal party and immediate relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Whiting left immediately for an extended honeymoon trip which includes motoring through this and other States, after which they will return to Los Angeles where they will make their home. The bride since the announcement of her engagement has steadily declined any pre-nuptial entertainment, but upon their return a large reception is being planned for them by Mrs. Roland Bishop and Mrs. Burton E. Green, aunts of the bride, and many other delightful affairs are in the planning to compliment the youthful couple.

Exquisite in all its appointments was the luncheon given by Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny last Saturday at her home in Chester place. The affair was especially to compliment Mrs. Charles J. Canfield of Chicago who is passing the winter here and to announce the engagement of Miss Clara Leonardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonardt, to Mr. Felix S. McGinnis. The luncheon was arranged in the Pompeian room, where over the table was suspended an immense canopy, stencillings of Gothic design in American beauty tints forming the rose tones, and hanging at intervals were huge balls of vari-colored fresias and golden jonquils suspended by flower ropes. The table was adorned with fresias and jonquils and the place cards were hand limned. At the dessert course valentine hearts of ice cream were served. Hidden in the center of the iced heart was a dainty white and pink enameled Dorin vanity box which, when opened, disclosed the names of Miss Clara Leonardt and Mr. Felix S. McGinnis, June 6, 1917, this announcing the wedding date also. The wedding will take place in St. Vincent's church. Miss Leonardt is one of the popular members of the younger social set. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart convent in Oakland, and is also an expert in fine china painting. Her father is president of the Southwestern Portland Cement Company and has long been one of the leading builders of the city. Mr. McGinnis is the son of Mrs. Rose McGinnis, of 833 South St. Andrews place, and is one of the youngest gen-

eral passenger agents in the United States, being head of the Southern Pacific system, and has a host of friends. At a similar affair a few years ago at which Mrs. Doheny was the hostess the engagement of Miss Amy Leonardt was announced to Mr. Frank H. Powell. Those included in the luncheon party were Mrs. Charles J. Canfield of Chicago, Miss Clara Leonardt, Mrs. Rose McGinnis, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Marie McGinnis, Mrs. James Crampton Anderson, Mrs. Carl Leonardt, Mrs. Norman Bridge, Mrs. John Milner, Mrs. Silsby M. Spalding, Mrs. Alfred Brant, Mrs. P. G. White, Mrs. John J. Jenkins

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Michael Scanlon, priest of Ramona convent, before an improvised altar exquisitely set in masses of Easter lilies, amidst which gleamed lighted candles. Jonquils attractively decorated the living room, almond sprays the music room, with acacias in the library, and in the hall peach blossoms. Pink satin ribbons, held by the misses Elsie, Zelma, Winifred and Harriet Sutton, Miss Frances Clapp and Miss Elizabeth Urre, in frocks of fluffy pink net, formed the aisle to the altar. Youthful and exquisitely lovely was the bride, attired in heavy white satin, embroidered with pearls and trimmed with point lace. Her veil was caught with orange blossoms and pearl bandeaux, and she carried an arm shower of orchids, lilies of the valley and hyacinths. She passed down the aisle accompanied by her father, who gave her into the keeping of the bridegroom. Miss Loris Bulla, sister of the

and the bridesmaids were Miss Marjorie Porter of Oakland, Miss Mary Suman and Miss Mildred Birely of Hollywood. Mr. Chester Malcolm served the bridegroom as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Sterling Porter, Mr. Harlan Weaver, Dr. E. Rowe and Mr. Eugene Letts. The Rev. Neal Dodds of Petaluma and brother-in-law of the bride, performed the ceremony, and the bride was given away by her father, Mr. Charles B. Weaver. Lohengrin's Wedding March was played by a trio of musicians with harp, cello and violin, and appropriate selections were rendered at the reception which followed. The bride was gown in a dainty frock of white satin elaborately trimmed with princess lace and pearls. Her veil of tulle was caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and bride's roses. The house was made most attractive with a profusion of pink carnations. During the reading of the marriage service the bridal couple stood beneath an arch fashioned of pink carnations from the center of which was suspended a large pink wedding bell. The color scheme in the dining room, where an elaborate supper was served, was carried out in various shades of pink. Dainty Dresden figures of a bride and bridegroom marked places for Mr. Porter and his bride at the bridal table, while cupids and wedding bells marked places for the other guests. About one hundred guests witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Porter left for an extended wedding trip through the north, after which they will be at home in Oakland. Mrs. Porter was one of the popular and attractive members of the younger set of Hollywood and since the announcement of her engagement has been the recipient of many pre-nuptial courtesies. She is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, Sr., who with other relatives and friends entertained with many charming affairs in her honor.

As a complete surprise to their many friends was the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Dorothy Parkinson Rowett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Parkinson of 638 Wilshire place, to Mr. Goodwin M. Trent, a prominent young business man of this city. The ceremony took place Wednesday of last week, being celebrated at the home of the bride's parents with only the immediate members of the family present. The bride is one of the most popular members of the younger set. The marriage culminates a friendship dating back to school days, the two having been students together at Stanford University. Upon their return from their honeymoon trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trent will make their home in Los Angeles.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Merritt H. Adamson over the arrival of a little daughter, whose advent appropriately marked St. Valentine's Day. The little lassie has been named Rhoda May Adamson for her mother, who was Miss Rhoda A. Rindge, and for her grandmother, Mrs. May K. Rindge. Since their marriage in the cloister of Mission Inn at Riverside last year, Mr. and Mrs. Adamson have been developing a beautiful new country place, which was completed recently.

Mrs. Edwin J. Grant of 450 South Kingsley drive has returned from a visit to San Diego, where she was the house guest of Mrs. Edwin Blaine Gould, formerly Miss Marian Gartzman. Mrs. Grant is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Emery of Pasadena.

Miss Mabel Riegelman of Oakland, who is soprano with the Boston Grand Opera company, is the house guest this week of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Isaacs, of 433 St. Andrew's place. Sunday last Mrs. Isaacs entertained with a family dinner party in honor of this talented opera star.

In honor of their sister, Mrs. Samuel Weller of Dayton, Ohio, who is enjoying



MISS CLARA LEONARDT

Whose Engagement to Mr. Felix S. McGinnis is Announced

and her niece, Miss Dorothy Wakefield of Paris, France; Mrs. H. G. Wiley, Mrs. J. E. Betzold, Mrs. Frank H. Powell, Mrs. Anson Lisk, Mrs. Philip Forve, Mrs. George Stegmeir and Miss Kathleen Stegmeir of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. Clarke Smith, Mrs. William H. Smith of Pasadena, Mrs. Mary C. Becker, Mrs. Harold Bayly, Mrs. Simon Maier, Mrs. Charles Bergin, Mrs. Bernal Dyas, Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe, Mrs. Kate Moore, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Hildreth Maier, Miss Lina Johnson, Miss Philoma Becker, Miss Marjorie James and Miss Mabel Becker.

One of the most brilliant weddings of the season was that of Miss Vivian Olive Bulla, daughter of former State Senator Mr. Robert N. Bulla, and Mr. Ormonde S. Butler, son of Mr. S. Melvin Butler, which was solemnized Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Laura Welfare in Alhambra. The marriage was the culmination of their childhood romance when the bride was a little convent maid and the bridegroom was a student at St. Vincent's college.

bride, gown in pink tulle over all silver, preceded the bride as maid of honor. Two dainty little girls, winsome in their pink and white frocks, Elizabeth West and Elizabeth Clapp, both cousins of the bride, carried the white satin cushions upon which the young couple knelt for the nuptial blessing, while Master Robert Sutton, also in white, carried the court train of satin and point lace. Mr. Reginald Butler served his brother as best man. An orchestra played during the ceremony, and for the dancing which followed. Mr. and Mrs. Butler will pass their honeymoon in San Francisco and other points of interest in the north, and upon their return will make their home in Los Angeles.

Of interest to a large circle of friends was the marriage of Miss Dorothy Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Weaver of Hollywood and Mr. Crawford Ashley Porter, which occurred Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents at 1845 Edgemont street. Mrs. Neal Dodds of Petaluma, sister of the bride, was matron of honor,



a trip through California, Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop of West Adams street entertained with a dinner party at their home Friday evening. The decorations were in spring flowers and foliage, places being marked for Mrs. Weller, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Moore Bishop, Mrs. Telfair Creighton, Mrs. William Griffith, Mrs. Robert Griffith, Mrs. Juana Neal Levy and Dr. Marcia Patrick.

With the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Thorne at the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena, there has come the echo of a Chicago romance in which Mrs. Thorne was heralded at the time of her marriage as "The \$2,000 Bet Bride." Last fall Mr. Townsend Netcher in a wager with his friend and fellow-club man, bet him \$2,000 that he could not win Miss Milner as his bride. When the wedding ceremony took place recently in St. Alban's church in Chicago, Mr. Netcher served Mr. Thorne as best man, and be-

exandria for the bride and bridegroom, guests besides the bridal party, including Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Davidson. After a wedding trip through the north by automobile, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson will be at home after March 1 at 511 North Hobart boulevard.

Mrs. Judson Rives of Westchester place was hostess Tuesday at a prettily-appointed luncheon given at the Los Angeles Country club to especially compliment Miss Mildred Power, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Clyde Power, who will become the bride of Mr. Everett B. Harris of Riverside, Wednesday, February 28. Spring blossoms attractively adorned the tables and corsage bouquets marked places for Mrs. Leroy C. Jepson, Mrs. George E. Ellis, Mrs. William Hackney, Mrs. Seymour David, Mrs. E. C. Bower Jr., Mrs. L. E. Atkinson, Mrs. Seward T. Jarvis, Mrs. Clyde Martin, Mrs. William Metcalf, Mrs. Francis J. Kanne, Mrs. J. H. Johnston, Mrs. Eliza-



MRS. GORDON THORNE, OF CHICAGO  
"The \$2,000 Bet Bride"

Hoover Studio

fore the happy bride and bridegroom left on their honeymoon trip to California, Mr. Netcher tendered them a check for the \$2,000, and extended his felicitations with, "Never lost a bet in my life with so much pleasure." Mrs. Thorne is one of the most beautiful girls of the "Windy City." She is the daughter of James T. Milner, vice-president of the National Car Truck Company.

The marriage of Miss Mary Newbert, daughter of Mrs. Ambrose N. Kelliher, of 838 Wilton place, to Mr. Francis Coles Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Davidson of Western avenue, was an interesting event of recent date. The ceremony took place at St. John's Episcopal church, Rev. George Davidson officiating. Miss Harriet Maile was maid of honor and Mr. Jack Davidson, brother of the bridegroom, served him as best man. The ushers were Mr. Jack Vallely, Mr. Nat Head, Mr. Paul Davidson and Mr. George Clemson. Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Kelliher entertained with a wedding dinner at the Al-

beth Horton, Mrs. Cecil J. Gardner, Mrs. A. Davidson, Mrs. Earl Gilmore, Mrs. F. R. Griswold, Mrs. Leland Bower, Mrs. J. V. Calhoun, Mrs. H. H. McNutt, Mrs. William Hall of Philadelphia, Mrs. Wallace White, Mrs. Walter Butler, Mrs. Nait of Boston, Mrs. Ralph Louis Byron, Mrs. Herbert Stone Lewis, Mrs. Albert Timmons, Miss Florence Bartlett, Miss Hazel Jacobs, Miss Ruth Elliott, Miss Marie Nolan and Miss Margaret Nolan.

Mrs. Owen Humphrey of 2201 South Figueroa street, with her cousin, Miss Marion Wilson, who is her house guest, motored to La Jolla last week to remain over Sunday.

Miss Madeline Purdon of 1148 Magnolia avenue gave an informal tea yesterday in honor of Mrs. Blaine McGowan, formerly Miss Mildred Roberts of San Francisco. Only a few girl friends were invited.

Mrs. John T. Jones was hostess Tuesday, entertaining with a charmingly-appointed luncheon, places being set for sixteen guests.

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California Orange Day  
March 10th, 1917



# The Bachelors' Mardi Gras Ball

SCINTILLANTLY resplendent and gorgeously kaleidoscopic in effect, the Bachelors' Mardi Gras ball given at the Alexandria Monday evening proved surpassingly beautiful. The Alexandria ballroom fairly glistened with the brilliance of the vari-colored costumes, for which a background of gold, rose and emerald was formed in the decorations. Acacia, pink roses, palms and ferns were artistically combined in the motif. In the dining room low mounds of golden acacia, studded with crimson carnations and maidenhair ferns formed the table decorations, each table being arranged for eight guests. A dazzlingly brilliant serpentine was formed by the guests at twelve-thirty, when they wended their way into the supper room.

Mr. Charles A. Henderson is president of the board of governors; Mr. Henry F. Daly, treasurer, and Mr. Bradner W. Lee, secretary. Others of the board of governors are Mr. David O. Brant, Mr. Thomas Bruen Brown, Mr. Maynard McFie, Mr. Donald O'Melveny, Mr. John C. Macfarland, Mrs. John Llewellyn, Mr. Reese Llewellyn, Mr. George H. Ennis and Mr. Gabriel Duque.

Patronesses chosen to assist The Bachelors were Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Joseph Francis Sartori and Mrs. Russell McDonnell Taylor.

Members of The Bachelors are Messrs. Joseph B. Banning Jr., Capt. William Banning, H. Winthrop Blackstone, L. Mac. Blankenhorn, Warren B. Bovard, David O. Brant, Thomas James Brant, Hobart G. Brown, Thomas B. Brown, W. Norris Bucklin Jr., Carleton F. Burke, Morris A. Cadwalader, Dr. John Adams Collier, Power Conway, Robert H. Craig, Henry F. Daly, Richard J. Dillon, Garretson Dulin, Gabriel C. Duque, Brant Elliott, John M. Elliott Jr., Robert Elliott, George H. Ennis, Richard Garvey Jr., Francis P. Graves, Secundo Guasti Jr., Paul B. Hammond, Harrell J. Harrell, Robert L. Harrington, Charles H. Hastings, Charles A. Henderson, Norwood W. Howard, Webster B. Holmes, E. Hamilton Hunt, L. R. Jones, Clinton K. Judy, James Walter Kays, Karl C. Klokke, W. Gregg Kollock, Bradner W. Lee Jr., John Llewellyn, Reese Llewellyn, Alex Macdonald, John C. Macfarland, Bruce Macnell, Joseph Marsh, Maynard McFie, William T. McFie, William R. Millar, Allen E. Morphy, Roy E. Naftzger, Gurney E. Newlin, Henry C. Nutt, Donald O'Melveny, John W. Rankin, Alfred J. Salisbury Jr., Frank G. Cchumacher, Adolph L. Schwartz, Charles A. Sheedy, James Slauson, Mark H. Slosson, Charles Stimson, Roger Topp, Alfred H. Wilcox, James W. Wilkinson, Perry Wood and Clare W. Woolwine.

Of this number there were elected to membership this year Mr. Thomas James Brant, Mr. Hobart G. Brown, Mr. Morris A. Cadwalader, Mr. Robert Elliott, Dr. John Adams Collier, Mr. Secundo Guasti Jr., Mr. E. Hamilton Hunt, Mr. William T. McFie and Mr. Perry Wood.

Members, who in the last year have forfeited their membership through capitulation to Hymen, the God of Marriage, are S. Wells Morris, who married Miss Anita Thomas; Mr. Charles Seyler, who married Miss Maria Stoops; Mr. William K. Crawford, who married Miss Elsie McMillan of Salt Lake City; Mr. Arvin Brown, who married Miss Frida Maw, and Mr. Dwight Whiting, who married Miss Rosalind Morris.

Incidentally it may be added that the Mardi Gras ball of this year is the last

in which several other of The Bachelors will participate as hosts. Mr. Roger Topp is soon to be married to Miss Nana Carter Sigourney. The engagement of Miss Eleanor Banning to Mr. John C. Macfarland prophesies another withdrawal, while Mr. Donald O'Melveny's marriage in the near future to Miss Phila Miller of Pasadena will eliminate his name from The Bachelors' roll call.

And, of course, there may be many other contemplated resignations from The Bachelors' ranks. At least it is that rumors of such await only the official confirmation before they can be announced.

Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Arvin H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick, F. Walton Brown, Paul Bucklin, Horace Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reginald Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, Miss Mary Anne Bacharach, Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Bayly, Miss Amy Busch.

C. Wheeler Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cass, Mr. and Mrs. William Andrews Clark Jr., Miss Lida Collier, Miss Cecile Call, Thomas P. Cooner, Ernest Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. William Kay Craw-

Mrs. Thomas Duque, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Hubert L. Eaton, Miss Katherine Emery, Miss Alice Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Harold Freeman, Capt. Sterrett Ford, Donald Fullerton, Mrs. Robert Fulton, Miss Margaret Fleming, Miss Katherine Fullerton, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Fairbanks, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Marjorie Fleming, Charles Forve, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Anita Felsenheld, James Friesner.

Miss Ella Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Secondo Guasti, Miss Ruth Grep-pin, Miss Irene Grosse, Miss Gertrude Grant, C. W. Gates, Miss Florence Gates, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Miss Virginia Garner, John Garner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, R. C. Gillis, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grimm, Frederick L. Gay Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Gross.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Miss Mary W. Hughes, Miss Gladys Holmes, Arthur Hoyt, Miss Florence Hunt, Miss Louise Hunt, William B. Hubbard, Miss Margaret Hunt, Lovell B. Hutchason, Edwin H. Heinsman, Miss Anna Howard Harbison, Dana C. Hogan, Miss Mabel Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Volney F. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Col. and Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes, Herbert Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hook Jr., Paul Herron, Archibald Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Henderson, Lieut. Frank H. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hendricks Himes.

Miss Jean Isgrigg.

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Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. John Milner, Mrs. H. L. Macneil, Lieut. and Mrs. William Robert Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Mackay, Miss Winifred Maxon, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Macleish, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Morphy, Miss Elsie Morphy, Reo E. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Earle W. Mueller, Miss Dorothy Morphy, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Murrieta, Miss Phila Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Macneil, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Capt. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wells Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Mines, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus M. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott, Gonzales Munoz, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William N. MacRoberts, Miss Edna Miles, Hilliard MacGowan, Dr. W. A. Morrison, Chester B. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Meyers, Mrs. W. T. McFie, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. McPherson, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas R. McNab, Mrs. Dan McFarland.

Mr. Robert G. Neustadt, Mrs. Mary Norris.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Mrs. Katherine O'Brien.

Miss Gladys Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips, Miss Elizabeth Par-

(Continued on Page 10.)



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny

Following is the list of invited guests: Allen T. Archer, Captain and Mrs. Bert Aker, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Brandt, Miss Dorothy Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Dr. and Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Miss Florence Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. Raymond Bradford, Mrs. William Barnard, Arthur L. Bobrick, Miss Eleanor Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham, Mrs. M. E. Baker, Miss Louise G. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bayly, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Adelaide Brainard, Francis Baer, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Dr. and

ford, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Chandler, Miss Inez Clark, Asa Call, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens, Miss Elizabeth Clingan, Bert Campbell, Miss Florence Carvin.

Miss Helen Duque, Miss Adelaide Duque, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Duque, Miss Josephine Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Isidore B. Dockweiler, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dulin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Dudley, Miss Georgianna Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr., Miss Mary Dockweiler, Miss Rosario Dockweiler, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Miss Celeste Dorr, Ward Dawson, Thomas Dockweiler, Henry Dockweiler, Mr. and



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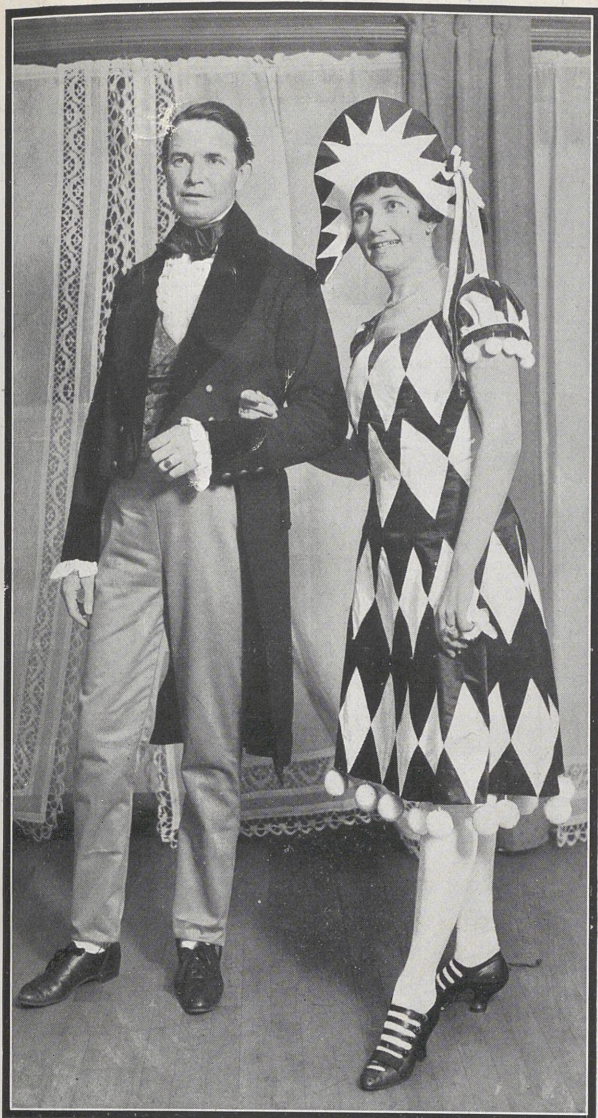
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(Photos by Stagg)



### BACHELORS' BALL

(Continued from Page 7.)

sons, Miss Albertine Pendleton, C. W. Pendleton Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pinkham, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peck, Robert Parsons, J. H. Powell.

Miss Katherine Richards, Miss Minnie Robertson, Miss Jane Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Ridgeway, Miss Theodore Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Rowan, Miss Grace Reed, Harold Roehrig, George Reed, Miss Katherine Ramsay, P. D. Rowan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Stewart, Miss Carol Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lawrence Stimson, Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Smith, Albert Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Seeley, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Story, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shoup, Miss Irene Sanford, Dr. Byron P. Stookey, Mr. and Mrs. Everett R. Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Smith, Miss Lola Salisbury, Miss Janie Stimson, Willard Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Q. Stanton, A. G. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens, Miss Helen Sherck, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seyler Jr., Miss Kathleen Stegmaier, Miss Rosefary Sartori, Miss Katherine Stearns, Warren Smith, Horace J. Scarborough, Wilbur Rust Smith Jr., Miss Sue Sinott, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schoder, Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shannon, Field Staunton, P. H. Sheedy, Miss Mabel Seeley, George Sheedy, Miss Helen Schurman, Blake Smith, John Staats, Miss Caroline Steese, Miss Mary Sturdivant.

Miss Mary A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Russel McDonnell Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Topp, Nelson Taylor, Miss Edith Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thomas, James S. Utley.

William C. Van Fleet, Jr., Mrs. Kate S. Vosberg, Miss Chonita Vander Leck, Miss Viola Vander Leck, Miss Clara Vickers, L. S. Vanorden, Louis Vetter, Mr. and Mrs. James Benton Van Nuys, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine, Mrs. Montague Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Waters, Miss Harvie Wallis, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams, Miss Marlan Wigmore, Miss Carolina Winston, Miss Marion Winston, Mr. and Mrs. Nutting Wigton, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight W. Whiting, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Marjorie Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace, Garrett Winne, P. J. Willis, Lieut. Leo Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Walker, Weston Wilson, Ninian Wolf, Miss Louise.

Gerald C. Young.

Dinner parties and novel entertainments were given. Mr. and Mrs.

Boyle Workman entertained for their daughter, Miss Eleanor Workman, with a young people's dinner party. Their guests included Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Kathleen Stegmaier of New York, Mr. Field Staunton, Mr. Charles Maud, Mr. Parker Adkinson and Mr. Harold Scarborough.

Mr. Thomas Bruen Brown, who for the ball was a "Gypsy Jan" entertained with a Gypsy encampment dinner at the California Club and the decorations were most unique, showing in miniature life in a Romany camp, with near by beside a campfire, two Gypsy musicians playing throughout the dinner. Mr. Brown's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mr. Arthur Hoyt and Mr. John Llewellyn.

Another dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Milner of Berkeley Square. Their guests were Mrs. Hannah D. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe, Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. David E. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Fairbanks and Mr. Reese Llewellyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones and their charming daughter, Miss Helen Jones, had a group of friends at their home for dinner and included Mr. and Mrs. Wells Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Miss Rosemary Sartori, Mr. Paul Herron and Mr. Garrett Winne.

Another delightful dinner party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Emery

and their daughter, Miss Katherine, at their home, 1400 Hillcrest avenue, Pasadena. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomas, Miss Phila Miller, Miss Dorothy Bailey, Miss Georgina Drummond, Miss Helen

Sherk, Miss Mildred Landreth, Miss Caroline Steese, Mr. William N. Bucklin, Mr. Paul Bucklin, Mr. Alexander McDonald, Mr. Paul Hammond, Mr. Donald O Melveny, Mr. Frances Baer, Mr. Ernest Crawford, Mr. Harold Roehrig and Mr. Charles Sheedy.

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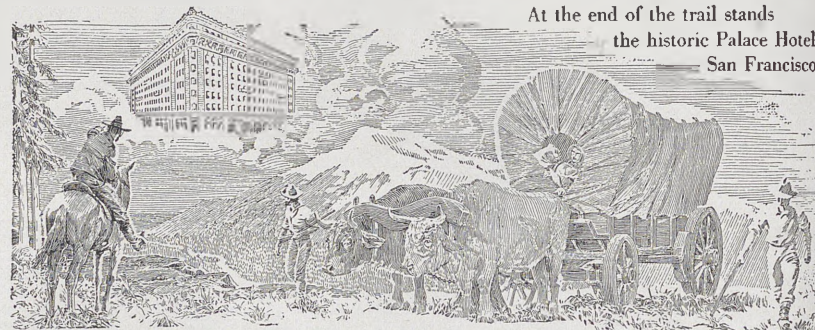
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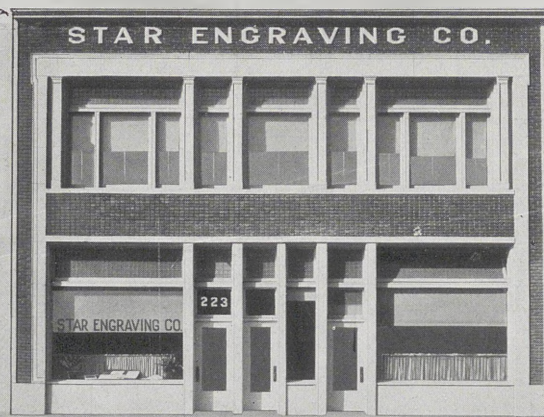
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# Music

By W. Francis Gates

MANY an opera house and many an opera season has been opened with "Aida" since this opera was first used for the former purpose in Cairo, Egypt, in 1871. Opening the week of the Boston Opera company at the Auditorium last Monday night reminded one of the fact that "Aida" was the bill for the opening of this house, November 2, 1906, under the conductorship of Fulgenzio Guerrieri, who was in the audience Mon-



Louis Graveure, Baritone, at Trinity day night, and who conducted the "Butterfly," "La Boheme" and "Faust" performances this week.

But when we come to principals, chorus and mountings there is a different story. Mr. Guerrieri is in different company nowadays.

The principals of this performance included Mmes. Villani, Gay, and Messrs. Zenatello, Baklanoff, Mardones and Ananian. With such a cast and with a stage filled with a hundred chorus, ballet and supers, with a new setting and a good orchestra—altogether the opera was given the best performance it has had in Los Angeles.

Space does not permit the various points of excellence to be detailed here; suffice it to say this performance gave promise of an unusually good week of opera.

"Iris" is a new opera to Los Angeles, though it was first given in Rome in 1898. The text has to do with the kidnapping of a little Japanese girl and her outcast death in the slums. It has been played occasionally in the Metropolitan opera house, though seldom in other cities, as it is overshadowed by the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The reason for this was heard in this performance. "Iris" is less fluently melodic than "Cavalleria." The orchestral colors are laid on with a larger brush. At times Mascagni seemed inclined to hammer them on with drum and cymbals. But what was rough and splashy when it first appeared our ears are now accustomed to in a much larger measure from other writers. Consequently there is less to please the popular ear. There are but fugitive bits of characteristic orchestration. Only once there is real Japanese melody—at the opening of the second act. Generally, to be Japanese, means to Mr. Mascagni to be noisy and disjuncted as to tonality. The greatest weakness of the opera is its slowness of action, somewhat "Mme. Butterfly" in that respect.

"Iris" might almost as well have been

laid in any other country as in Japan, though it is admitted the latter permits of scenic and costuming effects that always are attractive on the stage.

And this shows why "Iris" is less popular than "Cavalleria," which latter opera was highly characteristic of its people, and less popular than "Mme. Butterfly" which has more sugery melody.

With the naive Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, and with such other principals as Kittay, Chalmers and Lazzari, and with the excellent chorus and mounting given it, the opera certainly had its chance for popularity here.

The dainty prima donna was most fittingly cast and quite appealing in her role of injured innocence. She had but to be herself—no acting of Japanese. The same opera repeated this afternoon doubtless will fill the house. The reception of the opera Tuesday night was highly satisfactory, and the attendance good considering the rain.

Succeeding operas were "Tosca," "Mme. Butterfly," "Faust" and "La Boheme," presenting, besides the artists mentioned, Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Graham Marr, Mabel Riegelman and Giuseppe Gaudenza, who with the other principals of the company make up a corps of artists of unusually equal balance. Conductors Moronzoni and Guerrieri have a full orchestra en tour, not adding to it from the local forces. All this with the different stage mountings and ample chorus, gave a week of rarely well-balanced opera.

The audience at the Cavalieri-Muratore recital last Tuesday night was an example of what an effect an avocation may have on a vocation. Likewise, it was a demonstration of the practical value of printer's ink.

In this case the vocation is that of singing; the avocation is that of posing as a professional beauty. The unusual application of printer's ink is seen in the



Mme. Melba, Prima Donna, at Trinity

popularity that Lina Cavalieri achieved with the would-be-fair portion of the feminine contingent in writing (by proxy?) a series of articles for a portion of the press, which articles deal with the weighty and serious problems of being fair, how to remain so, or not being fair, how to become so. At any rate, these factors taken together—song, beauty, articles (by proxy?) divorce and court proceedings, husband-singer-French-soldier—if such a combination could not fill the Shrine auditorium, what could?

Her voice is ample, though not of notable quantity. Her numbers were songs and opera arias in French, sung with

grace and beauty of tone, perhaps the most interesting being the "Habanera" from "Carmen," though it was not given with the luscious richness of Calve or Collamarini, being more diminutive; yet one could see that with her French expressiveness of face and gesture she would be a delight in opera.

It is said that Muratore is recently from the trenches of France, where he led the soldiers in chorus singing. Some of these trench tones he used in his recital, though, be it to his credit, most of his work was delightful in style and timbre. His voice tends a little toward the baritone in quality at times, and he uses the falsetto liberally. One easily could see that he, also, would be a delight in opera, with his best work for the musicians and his occasional fortissimos for the gallery.

George Edwards coins the word "melolog" to describe his setting of a tale from Schreiner's "African Farm." It probably is about forty minutes in length. The text was read beautifully by Constance Crawley, a weighty task and one allowing but little histrionic opportunity beyond occasional voice inflection.

Mr. Edwards shows in his music that he has assimilated a lot of orchestral scores. He writes fluently and at times with touches of distinction. Yet he was handicapped by an uninteresting text. He had set himself a task that was ungrateful in its very essence—writing music to speech. If the text is interesting, one strains his ears to hear it in spite of the music. If the music is interesting, one feels that speech is an impertinence.

That Mr. Edwards should attack this problem and write a score for full orchestra, entering a field which Schumann and others have touched (though but lightly), shows he has courage as well as a good deal of technical skill. I wish he would forget allegories and forty-minute readings and write a four-movement suite, thinking of music rather than of literature. I believe he would interest his audience a lot more—and that is what most music is played for.

That the "Phaeton" tone poem of Saint Saens would have made a better opening than closing number, did not interfere with its excellent performance by Mr. Tandler's band. It might be added that Mr. Tandler was particularly interested in the Bruckner suite, having studied with that master in Vienna.

The Schubert club concert tomorrow afternoon at Trinity auditorium will be given by Constance Balfour, assisted by Mabel Channell, pianist; Harold Procter, tenor; Menotta Frascena, baritone. The Philharmonic male quartet, consisting of Harold Procter, Sheldon Baling, Harold Ostrom and Dr. J. Lester Adams. Will Garroway will act as accompanist. Among the numbers will be the duet from "Pagliacci," the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," and the trio finale from "Faust."

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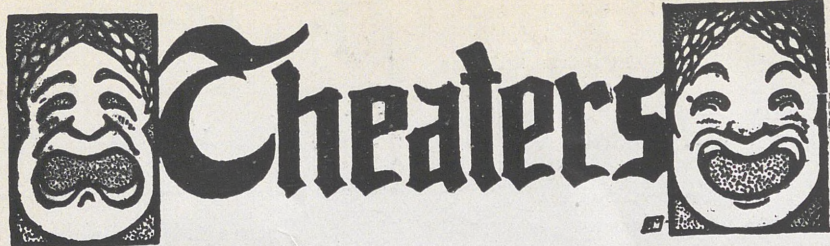
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By Pearl Rall

"PRINCESS PAT" tunes arrived in Los Angeles some time in advance of the performance and only served to make many of us the more eager to hear Victor Herbert's entire score. Nor were we disappointed in our expectations with this week's engagement at the Mason, as one after another the lilting songs and choruses succeeded each other, each more lovely than the last. The story is the same old tale of a Self-Sacrificing Young Maiden who would save the family exchequer, betrothed to Age with the Coin—but who cares for the plot of a comic opera if the company can sing and the investiture is attractive?

Blanche Duffield as Princess Pat, the beautiful wife of an indifferent Italian count, is a delight to the eye and the ear for she is the regal type of womanhood of intelligence and strength and her voice is sweet and clear. David Quixano as the Count displayed the most excellent vocal powers of any member of the company, however, in his "Neapolitan Love Song" and a duet, "All for You," sung with Princess "Pat." There was a stunning scene and a ripping good drinking song by the gentlemen in the opening of the third act and Ben Hendricks was a really "foxy grandpa" in his wish to be "an Island in an Ocean of Girls," skipping about almost as lively as the chorus.

Oscar Figman and Alexander Clark furnish the comedy, high and low, but both equally polite and restrained as befits the merry musical tidbit; Figman as the polished "sponge" and frequenter of gentlemen's clubs, the other as the bumpkin constable. In the reception of Jack Pollard there was a touch of the interest we all feel in "home folks," although he was not up to the high level of the remainder of the company.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne in a one-act play, "A City Case," depicting the human side of one country lawyer, hold headline position at the Orpheum this week, although artistically Miss Neilson-Terry in the potion scene from

"Romeo and Juliet" remains the significant feature of the week, and continues to thrill a vaudeville audience with Shakespeare! While temperamental Trovato, with his violin, two dapper young acrobats, Myrl and Delmar, in feats of strength "Over the Garden Gate" and Odiva, with her trained seals, offer variety of popular entertainment worthy special mention.

\* \* \*

It is not surprising that "We Are Seven" held the boards for a second week at the Morosco. It is such a delicious bit of whimsy and the company gave it so delightfully that it would seem to have demanded retention in its general appeal. Richard Dix has made an interesting bit of Miss Connaughton's rascally secretary and Joseph Eggenton is in a more congenial role than usual.

\* \* \*

At the Burbank Charles McAlphin's gay Hawaiian comic opera fancy has continued its tuneful way right merrily, judging by the full houses. It was an interesting sight to look over the crowded rows of eager faces, clear to the doors and roof. And it is likewise a cause for congratulation and general pleasure that the production offered gives promise of a policy which will in no way reflect upon the reputation of the famous old playhouse.

## Interesting Group of Concerts

Mme. Melba, one of the most famous of the present day prima donnas, will be heard at Trinity Auditorium Tuesday evening, February 27, in her only program in the Southland this season. She will be assisted by Antonio de Grassi, violinist, and Uda Waldrop and Miss Ruby Gray, accompanists. The program will include the favorite arias which Melba has made so distinctly her own.

Louis Graveure, the Belgian baritone, will be heard Tuesday evening, March 1. His program for this city is a most unusual one, divided into four groups; German lieder, Hungarian folk-songs (in English) and American songs. All are fine examples of their own school and are entirely new so far as their having

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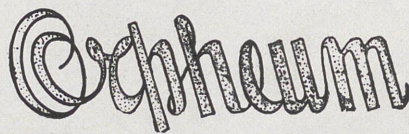
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Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c; boxes 75c.

Except Holiday Matinees.

GEORGE NASH & CO., "The Unexpected;" MME. CHILSON-OHRMAN, Prima Donna Soprano; ELSIE PILGER & DUDLEY DOUGLAS, Dancers; FOSTER BALL & CO., "Since the Days of '61;" IMHOFF, CONN & COREENE, "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.;" HARRY LESTER MASON, "The Waiter;" CRESSY & DAYNE, "A Village Lawyer;" ODIVA and Sea Lions.  
Orchestral Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Semi-weekly News Views

TRINITY  
AUDITORIUML. E. Behymer  
9th and Grand

L. A. Center, Drama League of America, Presents

## GRANVILLE BARKER

on "The New Art and the Theater," Friday Eve., March 2,  
8:15 p. m., 50c, 75c, \$1. Seat sale opens Monday. Tickets  
mailed on receipt of check.

## MILLER'S THEATRE

Junc. of Spring & Main at 30  
Fox Features & Foxfilm Comedies

Second Big Week of Her Great Picture Starts Sunday

## THEDA BARA in "THE TIGER WOMAN"

Also "There's Many A Fool"

A screamingly funny two reel burlesque on "A Fool There Was"



been presented here before by any famous singer.

Charles Wakefield Cadman, the American composer, and Princess Tsianina, Greek Indian mezzo-soprano who is rapidly gaining a nation-wide fame, will be heard in joint concert at Trinity Auditorium Saturday afternoon, March 3. The first half of the program will be devoted to songs in English of Cadman, Burton and Troyer, three writers of Indian songs, and songs of John Barnes Wells, children's songs, with Tsianina accompanying herself. In this first half of the program also Cadman will play selections from his "Thunderbird Suite," which was recently given by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra with such marked success. The second half of the program will be devoted to Cadman's talk on Indian music, with examples of the primitive and sacred music of the Omaha Tribal Race of Indians, the Georgian and Egyptian chants, some native love songs of the Omahas and

Trinity Auditorium, March 2. His ideas about the theater are quite out of the ordinary and have made their marked impress on the drama of the country, his first coming to the United States being for the New Theater movement of New York. His talk will be enlivened by many anecdotes from the theater and happy turns of speech which have made him popular as a writer and creator of plays. Mr. Barker comes at the instance of the Los Angeles Center of the Drama League of America and they feel justifiably pride in the engagement. While here Mr. Barker will also discuss the matter "Why Worry About Art?" before the members of the Friday Morning Club.

#### "House of Glass" at Mason

Max Marcin's powerful drama, "The House of Glass," which comes to the Mason Opera House next week, is said to be one of the biggest plays seen on the New York stage in years. The story concerns a poor working girl who be-

Douglas. Foster Ball is the best delineator of the old veteran of today, and with Kernan Cripps he again presents "Since the Days of 61." Imhoff, Conn and Coreene will be seen in that military burlesque, "Surgeon Louder, U. S. A.;" Harry Lester Moore as "The Waiter" will cover the menu in a line of talk a la carte and table d'hote. Cressy and Dayne will offer "A Village Lawyer, another Squire Tappan episode and Odiva and her trained sea lions complete the talent.

#### "Hello Hawaii" Runs Again

So tremendous is the demand for seats for Charles Alphin's snappy musical comedy, "Hello Hawaii," at the Burbank that William Weightman, president of the Knickerbocker Amusement Company, has been forced to continue the run of the piece for a third week, but positively last week.—beginning tomorrow afternoon. Following "Hello Hawaii," the Knickerbocker Amusement Company will present the big eastern musical success, "The Flirting Princess," with Mabel Baker, famous prima donna, in the title role.

#### "Joan" Continues To Draw Crowds

With ever increasing popularity, "Joan the Woman," in which Geraldine Farrar is seen as Joan of Arc at the Majestic Theatre, begins the seventh week of its successful engagement Monday. Never before in the history of great motion picture production in Los Angeles has a play offered such great appeal to both young and old as has Cecil B. De Mille's great masterpiece.

#### "Tiger Woman" Remains at Miller's

By special arrangement "The Tiger Woman," Theda Bara's sensational film will be retained at the Miller Theater for another week beginning Sunday. There is mystery, romance, intrigue and excitement in every foot of the six thousand which it takes to tell the tale and it is produced on a lavish scale never before attempted.

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Electrolysis, in hands of expert, is the only known method that will destroy root of hair.

Single and multiple needle process. Mabel Brentwood Smith, with Weaver-Jackson Co., 429 So. Broadway, Los Angeles.



S. R. Valenza, Harpist, L. A. Symphony

Zunis, piano numbers by Cadman, and his two most famous idealized Indian songs, "Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute" and "The Land of the Sky Blue Water," with Tsianina singing.

#### "Pair of Queens" at Morosco

Beginning with tomorrow's matinee at the Morosco Theatre, the Morosco Players will offer for the first time in stock the great comedy success, "A Pair of Queens." Briefly, the plot of the play tells the story of an elderly married man whose wife is away on a trip and who, with a younger companion, visits a cafe for an evening of entertainment. There they meet two very beautiful young women. Complications, of course, follow. In the cast will be Ramsey Wallace, Douglas MacLean, Bertha Mann, Warner Baxter, Sue MacManamy, James Corrigan, Richard Dix, Lola May, Joseph Eggenton, Audell Higgins, and many others.

#### Granville Barker's Lecture Engagements

Mr. H. Granville Barker, eminent English playwright and producer, will lecture on "The New Art of the Theater," at

comes entangled in the meshes of the law, in a similar situation to that in "Within the Law." Her nemesis is an insistent detective who pursues her, after she has been cleared, into a happy domestic life far from the scenes of her early experiences. It is an impressive, heart-gripping play that runs the gamut of human emotion.

#### Variety Marks Orpheum Bill

Topliners in the new array at the Orpheum beginning Monday, February 26, are George Nash and Company and Madame Chilson-Ohrman; the featured ones are Elsie Pilcer and Dudley Douglas and Foster Ball and Company. Mr. Nash, with Julia Hay comes in quite a different sort of sketch, "The Unexpected." The act has the stamp of the unusual throughout. Mme. Chilson-Ohrman, who is of Dutch and French parentage, has been singing in grand opera until the Orpheum captured her last season. Elsie Pilcer is a pocket edition of Gaby de Lys, trained in dancing by her brother, Harry, Gaby's own partner. With Elsie, who is a better dancer than Gaby ever claimed to be, is Dudley

## Hotel Alexandria Los Angeles



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Social

The Alexandria conservatory foyer is becoming more and more popular as a rendezvous of cosmopolitan Los Angeles. It is a charming place for matinee tea parties.

In the Alexandria Grill a special business men's luncheon is served daily at the popular price of 75c.

An after-theater supper is served nightly for \$1.00.



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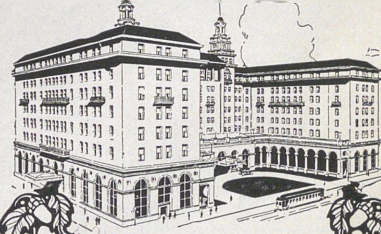
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A \$2,000,000 building overlooking Lake Merritt and the mountains in Oakland, California.

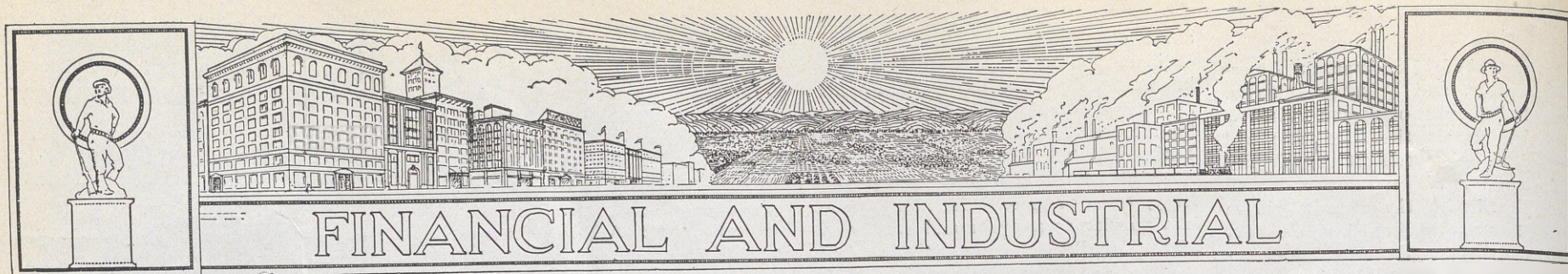
☑ Sunny corridors surrounding beautiful gardens

☑ Ideal cuisine and service features.

☑ Surprisingly low rates \$1.50 up

Carl Sword, Manager





### MEXICAN PETROLEUM

**I**N spite of unsettled conditions, the Mexican Petroleum Company has earned a constantly increasing net during the great war. Its earnings are limited only by its ability to get ships for transportation of fuel-oil, in which it specializes. Close of the war in Europe will furnish these ships and will enable the company to begin deliveries on important contracts made with British companies whose vessels are now employed for naval and transport purposes. End of the war will also make possible development of new business on land in various parts of the world.

The Mexican Petroleum Company has outstanding \$12,000,000 of 8 per cent. non-cumulative stock on which dividends are being paid regularly, and \$39,110,500 of common. Its bonded indebtedness is small.

The Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company has outstanding \$10,000,000 of 7 per cent cumulative preferred which is convertible into common at 115, and \$30,494,750 common stock. The preferred is \$100; common, \$50 par. This preferred stock, which has paid its dividends regularly, was made convertible in order that the bankers who advanced money for organization might have the interest on their funds secured to them, and at the same time have a call on the common stock at a reasonable price and thus participate in the growth of the company. This company holds control of the Mexican Petroleum Company through ownership of \$9,035,000 (75.29 per cent.) of the preferred, and \$17,500,000 (44.63 per cent.) of the common stock. In addition to this it owns 96.66 per cent. of the stock of the Petroleum Transport Company, 58.60 per cent. common and 65.57 per cent. preferred stock of the Caloric Company and all the Buena Fe Petroleum Company and the Fairfield Oil Company.

The Caloric Company markets oil in South America and owns distributing stations at Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. The outlook for new business in those regions is understood to be especially favorable at this time owing to the high price of all fuel. The Buena Fe Petroleum Company owns 220 acres of oil land in the Midway Field of California, on which it has 53 producing wells and controls leases on upwards of 20,000 acres of land in Texas where drilling is in operation.

The Petroleum Transport Company owns all the ships used by the Mexican Petroleum Company and various other subsidiaries of the Pan-American. Sales of oil are not limited by the shipping capacity of the company, however, as large contracts have been made with companies that take the crude product at Tampico, transporting it themselves.

Sales of oil are now running above a million and a third barrels monthly. New ships to be put into service by June will increase the movement not less than 280,000 barrels, while an additional shipping capacity of 280,000 barrels will be secured before the end of the year by the completion of other new tankers. Thus, by the end of 1917, even with the war continuing, the company's sales will easily reach 2,000,000 barrels per month.

In addition to the contracts secured with British shipping, the Mexican Petroleum Corporation has developed important business in the United States for the use of the Company's products. The Mexican Petroleum Corporation, all of whose stock is owned by the Mexican Petroleum Company, has established a large refinery near New Orleans, which will specialize in road oil and asphalt, two products of the company that are of superior quality. At Carteret, on New York Harbor, it has established a tank farm which is designed as a bunkering point for steamers entering the port, and where eight 55,000 barrel tanks are now in service. At Providence, R. I., where the company has for two years maintained a distributing station for manufacturing plants, the business has grown so rapidly that at Kettle Point, East Providence, it is establishing an additional station. Other stations are in operation at the Panama Canal, at Port-

land, Maine, and at Tampa, Florida, and still others are under construction on Boston harbor, at Norfolk, Va., and at Jacksonville, Florida.

The Mexican Petroleum Company produces a superior quality of fuel-oil by topping the raw product as it comes from the wells in Mexico, reducing its flash point so that the fuel can be handled with absolute safety on land or at sea. Because of its method of producing fuel-oil, the claim is made by the company, and apparently substantiated by customers, that it is the most economical liquid fuel that can be used.

At Tampico the company has a topping plant through which crude oil is run before shipment so as to take off the gasoline and other volatile products. Recently a new contract has been made with an important refining company which takes these tops, and as a result the plant capacity will be doubled, making it 25,000 barrels daily.

The company has 600,000 acres of oil lands in Mexico, of which such a small percentage is developed that one might say they are almost untouched. Its wells in Mexico number about 40, of which 22 are in the Ebano district. The others are in the Casiano, Cerro Azul and Juan Felipe districts where the oil is of a high gravity, ranging from 21 to 27 degrees Beaumé and of sufficiently high temperature to be pumped directly to Tampico, 70 miles distant, without additional heating. The Ebano oil is heavy, and therefore valuable for asphalt. The measured capacity of all the wells drilled and brought under control is easily above 450,000 barrels daily. Of these the celebrated Cerro Azul No. 4, which was brought in about a year ago, produced on the last day it was permitted to flow without restraint, a total of above 260,000 barrels. It is by long odds the greatest well in the history of petroleum. Casiano No. 7, which was the world's record well up to the time Cerra Azul No. 4 was brought in, has been producing since September 11, 1910, and has yielded about 55,000,000 barrels. It is still flowing as strong as at any time.

### It Pays to Advertise

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has set a record in the sale of its first preferred stock to its customers. Between January 1 and January 25 the company sold \$680,100 par value of this stock to 164 customers, and it now has but about \$600,000 of unsold stock remaining to fill orders from customers. Of the total of \$15,000,000 of this first preferred stock authorized by the Cali-

fornia Railroad Commission, \$14,398,600 has been sold by the company in a little more than two and a half years and the demand for it has been steady, even at advancing prices. The stock has been marketed, largely through newspaper advertising, at a cost to the company of about \$1 a share, probably the lowest cost of financing and marketing a preferred stock issue yet done by any public utility organization in the country.

### Easy to Absorb U. S. Bond Issue

Because of the easy situation in the money market, the probability of a large government bond offering, in case of unfavorable developments in the foreign situation, has not caused the anxious thought it would otherwise have occasioned. The leading banks have apparently not been approached on the subject of a loan, but throughout the financial district the conviction is expressed that the flotation of a government issue would be easily successful. A half billion dollars, in addition to the bond and note issues, already provided for in the revenue bill, is commonly spoken of in connection with a government issue. Until circumstances shape themselves more definitely, however, this must be mere surmise. A point which should and undoubtedly will receive careful consideration is the necessity of placing government finance on a correct basis from the start, both as to interest rate and provision for future issues.

### Edison Stock

Approximately \$5,000,000 of eastern money will be brought to Los Angeles through the sale of 50,000 shares of common stock of the Southern California Edison Company to an eastern syndicate, headed by William P. Bonbright & Co., and Gustav Ulbricht, of New York City. The deal, consummated personally by President John B. Miller, of the Edison company, provides that stockholders in the company shall have prior right to purchase the remainder to be disposed of by the syndicate. The sale of this treasury stock was authorized a few days ago by the State Railroad Commission.

The proceeds of the sale, according to Mr. Miller, are to be devoted to general improvements and possibly in part to assist in the financing of the forthcoming merger of the Southern California Edison Company and the Pacific Light and Power Company. No large special expenditures is contemplated, for the normal growth of the company will use up the money at the rate of about \$3,500,000 a year.—Times.

### DRIVING OUT THE SHADOWS

**T**HE dark forbidding walls, the cold and oppressing shadows which have so long held sway after twilight hours at the corner of Seventh and Spring streets, are no more. The pedestrian, homeward bound from theater or business after dark will no longer have a shudder run up and down his spine, when occasion demands that he cross the "bankers' corner."

For where there was darkness, there is light; where there were shadows, a brilliant luminescence shines out. Where once the dismal, mute windows and the grim silence of a bank interior after night-fall caused the passer-by to hasten his step and leave the place with a feeling of great relief; there is now the cheery radiance and gaiety of color of lighted show windows. For the German American Trust & Savings Bank, overstepping all bounds of "banking propriety," and smashing all the cherished precedents of the profession, have equipped and lighted up a series of regulation, honest-to-goodness display windows. While not as large and unlike in many respect the displays of our Broadway store fronts; they still possess all the inviting attractiveness and appealing interest of the city's finest windows.

"Do they attract!" exclaimed Mr. W. R. Morehouse, Assistant Cashier and Manager of Publicity for the Bank, in answer to the question. "If you could have seen the crowds, two and three deep, that have blocked the sidewalks in front of some of our displays, you would need no answer. We have had window displays for nearly three months now, and are realizing their value more than ever. They not only attract, but they get business. During January just past, we broke all previous records of the Bank for the number of new accounts opened. There were 2312 new accounts and we attribute much of this to our windows."

The facts are that bank window displays are an absolute innovation in bank advertising. Although never used before anywhere in the United States, they have proven a success from the start, and are a constant subject of favorable comment among business men and shoppers about town.

As Mr. Morehouse said in explaining how the Bank adopted window displays: the 20th Century merchant,—the department store, the automobile agency, the milliner, and all the rest down the line—have progressed so rapidly in modern merchandising methods and have been



so successful in their efforts, that the average bank, with its age-old and time-honored precedents to maintain, has been left far behind. The appeal of the savings bank, which offers largely future benefits and comforts, must be expressed in modern and up-to-date ways; if it hopes to compete with the powerful attraction of present pleasure offered by our merchants.

Banks are realizing that it pays to advertise and competition between them for new depositors is becoming almost as keen and alive as the competition among merchants. People patrise a wide-awake, progressive concern, and banks are finding that this applies in their case as well as any other.

Well, there's a big improvement at Seventh and Spring streets, anyway. The application of a little light and "color" has done wonders for the corner.

#### Shortage of Tank Cars

At present there is an extreme shortage of tank cars which are used to transfer oil products throughout the country, although the Union Tank Line Company, the largest tank car owner in the world, has more than enough equipment to take care of all the business of its lessees. The shortage is due entirely to railroad conditions. Embargoes, improper handling at the large terminals

and diversions are the causes of the apparent shortage of tank cars.

January showed a 50 per cent improvement over the December shortage in general car service, but according to an

official of the Union Tank Line Company the tank car shortage did not decrease in this proportion. Just as soon as the railroads are able to cope with the trying freight conditions which now exist, oil interests will find that there will be enough cars to meet their demands.



### Before Going East This Spring

We ask your consideration of the services of the Salt Lake Route and Union Pacific afforded by the Los Angeles Limited and Pacific Limited trains, daily to Chicago. Your inquiries will receive courteous attention at

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## A Gratifying Gain

Each year for the past six years our deposits have shown a large increase, the gain for the past year being more than ONE MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

On account of such a substantial gain we increased our capital on December 30th, from \$400,000 to \$500,000.

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FOURTH AT SPRING

## A Message For You

The Security Clock at Fifth and Spring is ticking a message for you every minute.

It is reminding you of the minutes which are rapidly passing and urging you to take heed for the future.

Open a Security Savings Account now while you are earning. It may soon be too late. Heed the warning of the Security Clock.

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EQUITABLE BRANCH  
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<b>H</b> IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$400,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$77,655.00.
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<b>F</b> IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	STODDARD JESS, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,537,953; Deposits \$25,270,000.
<b>F</b> ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.



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It seems as though women will know they are *at Bullock's*—  
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lightful dresses at \$19.50.

—Of *Taffeta*—with long waist lines; of *Crepe Meteor*—with  
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with bright trimming touches—such as stitching in contrasting  
colors—Buttons—dainty bits of lace, etc. Then there are the  
normal waist line models with shirring.

—And the workmanship is as notable as the models—and the  
colors are as attractive as the workmanship—

—At \$19.50—and the other dresses at \$25.00—

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—Then there are the New Spring Suits—the  
Coats—the Skirts—and the Waists innumer-  
able—and important.

—3rd Floor

